



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIV.—[V. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837.

NO. 1.

### SELECT TALES.

Prize Tale.—From the New-England Galaxy:

#### May Martin, or the Money Diggers.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN TALE,

BY D. P. THOMPSON OF MONTPELIER, VT.

IN one of those rough and secluded towns, situated in the heart of the Green Mountains, is a picturesque little valley, containing, perhaps, something over two thousand acres of land, formerly known in that section of the country by the appellation of *The Harwood Settlement*, so called from the name of the original proprietor of the valley. As if formed by some giant hand, literally scooping out the solid mountain and moulding it into shape and proportion, the whole valley presents the exact resemblance of an oval basin whose sides are composed of a continuous ridge of lofty hills bordering it around, and broken only by two narrow outlets at its northerly and southerly extremities. The eastern part of this valley is covered by one of those transparent ponds, which are so beautifully characteristic of Vermont scenery, lying in the form of a crescent, and extending along beneath the closely encircling mountains on the east nearly the whole length of the interior landscape, forever mirroring up from its darkly bright surface, faintly and vividly, as cloud or sunshine may prevail, the motley groups of the somber forest, where the more slender and softer tinted beech and maple seem struggling for a place among the rough and shaggy forms of the sturdy hemlock, peering head over head, up the steeply ascending cliffs of the woody precipice, while here and there, at distant intervals, towering high over all, stands the princely pine, waving its majestic head in solitary grandeur, a striking but melancholy type of the aboriginal Indian, still occasionally found lingering among us, the only remaining representative of a once powerful race, which have receded before the march of civilized men, now destined no more to flourish the lords of the plain and the mountain.—This pond discharges its surplus waters at its southern extremity in a pure stream of considerable size, which here,

as if in wild glee at its escape from the embrace of its parent waters, leaps at once, from a state of the most unruffled tranquillity, over a ledgy barrier, and, with noisy reverberations, goes bounding along from cliff to cliff, in a series of romantic cascades, down a deep ravine, till the lessening echoes are lost in the sinuosities of the outlet of the valley. From the western shore of this sheet of water the land rises in gentle undulations, and with a gradual ascent, back to the foot of the mountains, which here, as on every side, rear their ever-green summits to the clouds, standing around this vast fortress of nature as huge sentinels posting the lofty outworks to battle with the careering hurricanes that burst in fury on their immovable sides, and arrest and receive on their own unscathed heads the shafts of the lightning descending for its victims to the valley below, while they cheerily bandy from side to side the voicy echoes of the thunder peal with their mighty brethren of the opposite rampart.

Nor is the beauty of the minor features of the landscape surpassed by the bold grandeur of the main outlines. The interior of the valley, for miles in extent, uniformly sloping to the eastward, is checkered with beautiful alternations of town and woodland, forever richly clothed in their season with the way and lighter verdure of the cultivated field, or the deep-tinted and exuberant foliage of the forest. While a thousand gushing rills come dancing down from the surrounding heights to meet the morning sun, and glitter in his first smile, as he looks in over the eastern barrier on his return from his diurnal circuit.

At the period of which we are about to write, the rude dwellings of the small band of settlers, who then inhabited the valley, were scattered at different intervals along the road, which, entering from the south, wound round the westerly margin of the pond and passed off through the interlapping mountains towards Canada. Of these dwellings the largest, and most respectable in appearance, was the one situated in the most southerly part of the valley.—The old log house of the

pioneer, still standing in the back-ground surrounded by weeds and briars, had here given place to a new framed house of one story, which, together with the appearance of the out buildings and the well cultivated grounds adjoining, betokened a considerable degree of thrift and comfort in the circumstances of the owner.

Towards night on a beautiful summer's day, at the time we have chosen for the opening of our tale, a young man and maiden might have been seen leaving the door of the cottage we have described, and leisurely taking their way across the pasture, in a direction to intersect the main road at the termination of the clearing on the south. The first named of this couple, apparently of the age of about twenty-five was in the full bloom of vigorous manhood. His hardy, robust, and well formed frame was graced with an open, frank and highly intelligent countenance, indicative at once of an ingenuous disposition, a light heart, and the conscientiousness of a strong hand, with mental capacity to govern and render it available—exhibiting in his person a fine sample of the early emigrant settlers of Vermont, who were almost universally men of uncommon physical powers, and generally of moral qualities which quailed at no ordinary obstacles—a fact attributable, probably, neither to chance, nor the invigorating effects of their climate, but to the natural operation of these very powers and qualities themselves, which only could incite them to forsake the ease and comfort of an old settlement, with the certainty of entering upon hardships in a new one and enduring trials from which men of common mould would shrink with dismay. His fair companion was evidently quite youthful. Her person was rather slightly formed, but of closely knit and beautifully rounded proportions, which were indebted for their almost faultless symmetry to none of the crippling arts of fashion, but solely to the hand of unrestrained nature, giving a free and graceful motion, and a step as light and agile as that of the young fawn of the mountains among which she was reared. The complexion of her face,

however, was rather too dark to be delicate, or to give full effect to the rich brown tresses that encircled her high forehead and fell profusely in natural ringlets down her finely arched neck. And her features also, though regular, were remarkable only for the wonderful vivacity of their expression; though now, as she and her companion pursued their way from the house some rods in silence, her mind seemed absent, or absorbed by some care, her looks were quiescent and unmeaning, and her dark blue eye seemed sleeping in abstraction—but now her lover spoke, and a thousand variant emotions came flitting over her countenance—a smile of peculiar sweetness played on her lips, her cheeks were wreathed in dimples, and her eyes fairly sparkled with a light of the soul that seemed at that instant to have taken perch within them.

'May,' said he, 'May my girl, do you know that I have invited you out for this little walk only to bid you adieu, and that too for a considerable season?'

'No!—surely!' replied the girl pausing in her step, and looking up into the manly features of her lover with an expression of lively concern—'surely you are not going your journey so soon?'

'Yes, May, I have a horse in readiness at the village below, and thither I propose walking to-night, to be prepared for an early start for Massachusetts in the morning.'

'And how soon will you return?'

'Perhaps I may be absent nearly two months.'

'So very long?'

Most probably—my business is such as may lead to delays—but why so concerned, May? this one more absence and then—'

'Yes, yes, I know what you would say, but why is even this absence necessary?'

'It is but right that you should know, May, and I will tell you—It is now nearly a year since I contracted for the land on which I made a pitch in this settlement. The Time for a payment when I am to receive a title has nearly arrived; and I am going to gather up the little pittance of property which I earned with my own hands, and left invested in my native state, when I departed for the wild woods of Vermont, and which I now need to enable me to meet this payment.'

'It is right then, I presume, that you go, but yet I dread your absence.'

'Dread! I hardly dared to hope that my presence was so much valued, May.'

'How vain now!—no, no, I did not mean that—I have other reasons for dreading your absence.'

'And what can they be, dearest May?'

'I have often thought I would never disturb your feelings by the story of my little troubles.'

'Troubles! and not tell me, May—you surprise and disturb me already—to whom should you confide them, if not to me?'

'True, Mr. Ashley, true, if you take the interest in me which you profess—to you certainly if to any one would I confide them. And indeed should any thing happen to me in your absence in consequence of their existence, I should wish perhaps I had apprised you of the difficulties which beset me—'

'O tell me, tell me, May.'

'I will—You already know that Mr. and Mrs. Martin, with whom I have lived from a small child, are not my father and mother by relationship, and I am sorry to say they are not more by their treatment; often, too often, have they made me to feel that I am the child of other parents.'

'Why surely you never even hinted such a thing before, and I never suspected any thing of the kind. They certainly have appeared sufficiently kind to you in my presence.'

'O yes, in your presence; and even when you are in the neighborhood they are more cautious in their cruelty, but as soon as you are fairly out of the settlement for any considerable absence, I soon am made aware of it by other means than the void in my feelings at the loss of your society. You have been told of a pedlar who undertook to be my suitor the year before you came here. That was their work; and I never shall forget their meanness in trying to unite me to that vagabond, to get me out of the country, as I have often thought.'

'But what reason can they have for such a treatment, and in what manner is it usually exercised?'

'I am not sensible of ever having given them any cause, and I cannot guess at the reason. As regards the manner, it is no personal violence that I complain of; but is it much less painful to be insulted, despised—to see, know, and be made to feel that I am hated?'

'No, May, no. This is indeed news to me, but it must not shall not be. I will this moment return and see them, and secure you a kinder treatment, or, as sure as my name is William Ashley, their house this day ceases to be your home.'

'Oh no! not for the world! not a step, not a word—If you love me, not a word to them of what I have told you. I would not leave them at this late period, I can bear with them a few months longer, and then—and then, who knows?' she continued hesitating and as she dashed aside the tear that had gathered in her eye at the recital of her wrongs, and looked up archly to her lover. 'who knows whether I am then to find a better home?'

'Who knows? Ah, May, let the time for proving this but arrive; for, by all that is true and sacred in honor or in love, I swear—'

'O no, no, no!' interrupted the girl with returning vivacity, and with that playful tact, which woman so well knows how to quell the storm she has raised in the less versatile bosom of man. 'O no, no, don't swear at me—I have enough of that at home.'

The lovers, having now arrived at the end of their walk, seated themselves amidst a cluster of low evergreens on the brink of a high bank, to indulge a while before the final adieu, in that luxury of love, the interchange of the mutual pledges of affection on the eve of separation. The scenery of the spot was well calculated to enhance the mutual interest of the moment, and hallow it to their feelings. Some twenty or thirty feet below, and almost directly under their feet, the road, just emerging from the woods, wound along on a scanty jut, or shelf of the hill-side, which immediately beyond, formed a lofty precipice terminating in the stream, that rushed in stifled murmurs swiftly down its rugged channel, deeply embowered in the overhanging forest beneath. The cool spray, stealing through the dark foliage of the lofty fir and spruce, whose roots were grasping the rocky margin of the stream a hundred feet below, and whose wavy and attenuated tops now seemed almost within the grasp of the hand, was visibly rising athwart the bright pencils of the struggling sunbeams in glittering vibrations to the heavens, and with grateful freshness came mingling on the senses with the balmy odor of the birch and gilead.—While the seemingly low encircling firmament canopied their heads with that deep and rich cerulean so peculiar to the woody glens of the Green Mountains; and all around and above them was breathing a purity, and shedding a tranquil brightness beautifully emblematical, alike of the innocent and the unalloyed affections of their gushing hearts, and their sunny anticipations of the future.

Their enjoyment of these happy moments, however, was soon to be interrupted. Their attention was now arrested by the sounds of clattering hoofs in the road below; and turning their eyes to the spot from whence the noise proceeded they beheld a single horseman urging, with cruel applications of the whip, his faltering steed up the hill towards the settlement. When nearly opposite, or rather under the spot where our lovers sat concealed from view by the boughs of their covert, the horse paused, staggered an instant and fell with his rider to the ground. The poor animal after a few convulsive flounderings, gasped feebly, and died on the spot. 'Damn the luck!' exclaimed the traveler, giving the dead carcass two or three spiteful kicks, 'damn the luck, the horse is dead! However,' he continued after a short pause occupied in taking a hasty glance up and down the road, and then over the precipice 'however, dead horses like



dead men, will tell no tales—that is, if well buried. And here's grave enough down this bottomless gulf in all conscience, I should think; so now for a speedy funeral. So saying and hastily unlacing a small valise, attached to the crupper of the somewhat tattered saddle, and filled apparently with clothing, he grappled with main strength the body of the horse, and rolled it off the precipice, down the steep side of which it was heard heavily bounding through briars, bushes, and fallen tree tops, till it struck with a faint splash in the water below. With another rapid glance thrown cautiously around him, he took his valise under his arm, and proceeded leisurely towards the settlement.

'I am so glad he has gone, and without discovering us!' half audibly exclaimed May, the first to rouse from the mute surprise with which they had witnessed the whole transaction that so suddenly came and terminated, like the detached scene of some panoramic exhibition passing quickly before them, 'I can breathe again now. How strangely he talked to himself! Don't you think his conduct very singular?'—

'Singular enough!' replied Ashley, 'but he really displayed considerable cool philosophy in the death and burial of his horse; as he termed tumbling him down the gulf.'

'Who and what can he be?'

'I am puzzled to conjecture. He may be a horse thief fearful of pursuit and detection, as his words, and his pains to get his dead horse out of sight, might seem to imply. But I am more inclined to believe him some watched smuggler, who was riding for life to meet and secrete some goods he may have coming in this direction. These gentry often take this back road for their excursions, I am told.'

'It may be so, but I did not like his appearance any better than his actions; how suspicious he looked round to discover if any one was in sight. And how cruel! he beat his horse so, and then to kick the poor creature as he was dying!'

'Nor did I like the appearance of the fellow at all, and I confess I am not quite satisfied with my own solution of the affair; but I have no further leisure at present to bestow in useless conjectures—perhaps one or both of us may learn more hereafter that will throw light on the subject. And now May, my dearest May, I must go, leaving you to return to the house alone.'

'O, not yet.'

'Indeed, and indeed, I must linger no longer—see! the sun is nearly to the mountains. But once more, May, do you love me?'

'O, too much!'

'And will be true?'

'Forever!'

'Then, dearest girl, may the great One above us preserve you—farewell, farewell!'

'Farewell!' sighed the tearful girl in accents soft and broken as the dying murmur of the distant cascade with which they mingled on the air. An instant, and Ashley stood in the road below giving the last lingering look of parting—another, and he had disappeared from the sight of his sorrowful companion, who slowly and pensively pursued her lonely way back to her now, more than ever, dreary and joyless home, at the cottage we have already described.

The owner of this cottage, as the reader is already apprised, was a Mr. Martin, who with a few others had made, many years before, the first permanent settlement in the valley. They had purchased of one Colvin, a resident of the small village, to which allusion has before been made, situated some six or eight miles below, in the southerly corner of what had now become an organized town, embracing the greatest part of this settlement within its boundaries. This man had formerly acted as agent to Harwood, the original proprietor of the whole valley, in disposing of the same lands to others which he subsequently sold to Martin and his companions as principal, the first occupants becoming sick of their bargains or proving too poor and thriftless to pay for their farms, having abandoned and left them, before receiving any but defeasible titles, with their few scanty improvements to more able and enterprising successors. About the time of the desertion of the first settlers, or rather squatters, perhaps they might be termed, Colvin made a journey to the sea-port in New Hampshire where Harwood resided, and returned with the story that he had bought out the original proprietor, and was now sole owner of the valley. He then immediately set to work in searching for purchasers; and by his unwearied exertions in this respect, and the inducements held out by the smallness of his now reduced prices, he soon succeeded in finding purchasers for all the valley thought capable of improvement. This he had no sooner effected than he suddenly left that part of the country and was heard of no more. From this time the settlement made rapid progress in improvement; and many of the families there now permanently located, among which was that of Martin, were, at the period of our tale, in comparatively easy and comfortable circumstances. Martin and his wife having no children of their own had taken May, the heroine of our story, when young, and adopted her as a daughter. Of the girl's parentage little or nothing had ever been ascertained. Her mother, it appeared, had been taken ill on the road in a neighborhood on the borders of New Hampshire, and gained admittance into a private family to remain during her confinement. The man who attended her was not her husband, but,

as he stated, a person employed to convey her to her friends in Vermont. And pretending to give her name and residence, and leaving a sum of money with the family amply sufficient for the present support of the mother and her expected infant, he immediately returned, for the purpose as he avowed, of apprising her husband of her situation. The young woman, for so she seemed, in a few hours gave birth to a daughter; not however without the cost of her own life; for she was soon seized with a fever and delirium, which in two or three days put a period to her existence. The infant was handed over to nurse to a married daughter of the family who resided with them, and who kindly received the little stranger to share with her own child the nourishment of which it had been deprived by the untimely death of its mother. After a few weeks had elapsed, no one in the mean time appearing to claim the child, a letter was sent to the address of the supposed father, but without bringing from any one either a visit or an answer. Recourse was then had to the Postmaster of the town which had been given as the residence of the husband; and in consequence information was soon received that no person or family of that description had resided there. And as no other intelligence was ever after received on the subject, and neither any remarks of the deceased mother during the few hours of her rationality after her arrival, nor any thing found among her effects, affording the least clue for unraveling the mystery, the transaction was very naturally concluded to be one of those frauds often practised to palm off as respectable some frail fair one and her illegitimate on strangers. The little innocent subject of these suspicions, thus left unknown and unowned among entire strangers, was not, however, on that account neglected. Having been first whimsically termed the May flower, and finally May, from the circumstance of her having been born on the first day of the month of that name, she received the kindest attention from the family till nearly two years of age, when becoming a pretty and promising child, she was taken by Martin, who then, and for some years afterwards resided in in that neighborhood, from which he removed to his present residence in the valley. During the first years of May's adoption, and till the removal of Martin to Vermont, she was allowed, summer and winter, the advantages of an excellent common school, in which she was distinguished for uncommon proficiency for her age. And the taste for reading, which she here thus early acquired, was ever after maintained and improved by means of a choice selection of books, which Martin inherited from his father and preserved out of respect to his memory rather than for any pleasure or profit they ever afforded him, or his still

more unlettered companion. At this period also she was apparently much beloved by both Martin and his wife, and was uniformly treated by them with parental kindness and attention. But as she approached to womanhood, and began to attract the esteem and admiration of all who became acquainted with her, by her amiable disposition, her sprightliness and beauty, this former manifestation of kindness on the part of Martin and his wife began unaccountably to decline; and instead of receiving these demonstrations of esteem towards their deserving daughter with that pride and gratification which real parents would feel, they seemed to sicken at the praises she received, and view them with increasing uneasiness, giving vent to their feelings at last on the innocent and distressed cause of them in such bitterness of manner and expression as to render her often extremely miserable. And this treatment was the more painful and perplexing as it arose from no avowed or reasonable causes, being founded probably in a sense of growing inferiority, and a petty jealousy at the preference with which she was personally regarded, and the greater respect which her intellectual superiority always commanded, leaving her the most hopeless of all tasks the endeavor to conciliate those whose conduct arises from motives they are ashamed to acknowledge, and whose dislike has no other origin than in the baseness of their own hearts.

A new era now occurred in the life of May—the era of her first love. William Ashley, an intelligent and enterprising young man, had been employed by a gentleman in Massachusetts, owning wild lands in Vermont, to survey a tract lying west of the settlement. Making the valley his head quarters, and the house of Martin his home on his stated returns from his laborious duties in the woods, he became interested in May—loved her, and was soon loved in return with the purity and fervor with which a young maiden yields up her virgin affections. The intimacy soon resulted in an engagement of marriage; and a determination on his part to purchase a farm and settle in the valley; to all of which Martin and his wife either seemed coldly indifferent, or manifested their dislike, though, as before intimated, they had the year previous used considerable management to induce May to consent to the hasty proposals of one a thousand times less worthy. Ashley having now contracted for a farm in pursuance of his resolution to settle in the place, his time had since been spent in alternately improving his new purchase, and reassuming the avocation which had been the means of introducing him into the settlement.

Having now given the reader a brief sketch of the situation and characters of the leading personages of our little story, we will return

to the thread of the narrative where we left it for this digression.

After parting from her lover, May lingered almost unconsciously some time in the vicinity of the romantic spot which had witnessed their adieus—now listlessly stooping to pluck some favorite flower that peeped from its covert beneath her devious footsteps, and now pausing to scratch the initials of her loved one's name on the bark of some solitary tree, while her mind was sweetly occupied with the pleasant reminiscences of the past, or indulging in those dreamy and bright imaginings of the future which love and hope are forever uniting to create in the bosoms of the youthful. And it was nearly sunset before she was aroused to the necessity of a speedy return to her home. Now quickening her step, however, she soon arrived at the door, and was timidly entering under the expectation of receiving some ill-natured reprimand from Martin or his wife, as was their wont on her being absent from her domestic duties, when with a feeling approaching thoughtfulness, she caught a third person in the room, whom she took to be some neighbor, sitting with his back towards her, thinking that his presence would protect her from the anticipated rebuke, till the occasion should be forgotten. But this penalty she would have gladly suffered the next moment in exchange for the disagreeable surprise she encountered. For she had scarcely reached the interior of the room before the person turned round, and in him she at once recognised the man whose singular conduct she and Ashley had lately witnessed with so much surprise and suspicion. She instantly recoiled at the unexpected discovery, and stood a moment mute and abashed before the painful scrutiny of his gaze.

'Why! what ails the girl!' exclaimed Mrs. Martin. 'A body would think she was afraid of strangers.'

'Perhaps, wife,' observed Martin with a malicious smile, 'perhaps May's walk has confused her wits a little—these love-meetings and love-partings are terrible things to fluster one—ain't they May?'

'There!' rejoined the former in a tone of exulting glee, 'there! see how the girl blushes! I guess she thinks the gentleman may have seen her and her beau in their loving ramble across the pasture.—May be, sir,' she continued turning to the stranger, 'may be you witnessed the parting?'

'No, I saw no one after leaving the woods till I reached the house,' replied the man with evident uneasiness of manner.—'Did you pass the way I came, Miss?'

'I have not been in the road, sir,' answered May, with as much calmness as she could command in her fresh alarm at the turn in which the conversation now threatened to

take, accompanied as the question was with a tone and look of suspicion for which she could readily account. The inquiry, however, to her great relief was pursued no further, and, the conversation being now directed to other and indifferent subjects, she retreated from the room to hide her blushes, and shed tears of vexation at the unfeeling and wanton manner in which the secrets of her heart had been exposed to a stranger—and that stranger too, the very one of all others before whom she would have been most anxious to avoid such an exposure, coupled as it had been with her walk which had put her in possession of an unpleasant secret, as she feared it was, respecting him. How unlucky! she thought. Perhaps even now she had become the object of his suspicion and dislike. She had intended, before so unexpectedly encountering him on her return, to make known the transaction she had witnessed. But now should she do so, and the affair should be satisfactorily explained, she dreaded the ridicule which she probably must experience from all parties from having acted the spy and eaves-dropper—and should it lead to the detection of some villainy, perhaps she would have to be called into court as a witness—a consequence which she no less dreaded. She concluded therefore to keep the whole transaction carefully locked as a secret in her own bosom. Having come to this determination, and having succeeded by this time in allaying her disturbed feelings, and in assuming, in a good degree, a calm demeanor, she rejoined the company, her repugnance to the stranger being mingled with some curiosity to learn more of his character, and see whether he would mention the circumstance which had so unfavorably impressed her and her lover, and if so, in what manner he would explain it. But in this she was disappointed, as not the least allusion, was then, or ever afterwards, made by him to the transaction.—May soon perceived, however, that the stranger, had already made rapid progress with his host and hostess toward gaining the footing of a familiar acquaintance; and it was with some surprise that she learned that he was to become for the present an inmate in the family. He had introduced himself, it appeared, by the name of Gow, stating that he was traveling with a view of purchasing lands; and having heard that Harwood settlement presented good inducements to purchasers, he had now accordingly paid it a visit for that purpose.—This avowal had led to a proffer of assistance on the part of Martin to the further objects of the stranger, and soon to a compliance with the request of the latter to take up his abode in the family while he remained in the place. Such was the ostensive object of the stranger's visit.—This information May gathered from her



mother in the absence of the gentleman who after supper had taken a long ramble across the farm in the twilight of the delicious evening. But the truth of the account which the man had thus given of himself she felt much disposed to discredit, for though the story was simple and reasonable enough in itself, she yet was wholly unable to reconcile it in her mind with what she had witnessed; and the more she reflected on the subject, the stronger became her suspicions that there was something wrong in his character, and something which he was making an effort to conceal. During the course of the evening May found frequent opportunities for examining the personal appearance of Gow (for by that name we shall now call him) more closely than she had before the means of doing. Though young, he was evidently considerably hackneyed in the ways of the world, and seemed well versed in the ordinary modes of flattery, and art of insinuating himself into the good graces of strangers. His exterior was good, and his demeanor, with ordinary observers, might have been prepossessing.—But those who scrutinized him more closely might easily have detected a hollowness in his manner, which showed that the heart was taking but little part in the wheedling language of the tongue, and a sort of questionable expression in the glances of his restless eye, which like the savage foe in the woods, seemed to avoid open encounter, and to be continually skulking away and back, under the steady gaze of the beholder, as if guarding hidden motives with a constant apprehensiveness of their detection. Such at least were the impressions of May whose scrutiny instead of lessening had increased the dislike she had conceived towards this person. Besides she was not altogether pleased with his manner towards herself. It was evident from his remarks that his inquiries concerning her had been already particular; and he seemed to address her with too much of the air of an old acquaintance. In short she felt, she scarce knew why, that he had some preconceived object in view some way connected with herself. And she retired to rest that night with sensations of displeasure, and with a disquietude of feeling that she had never before experienced.

While such thoughts, and undefined apprehensions were agitating the guileless bosom of May, the disagreeable object of her reflections was occupied in another apartment, to which he also had retired for the night, in writing a letter to an absent associate. For the benefit of the reader we take an author's privilege of looking over his shoulder.

'Well, Col. here I am snug at Martin's, where I am to remain, at present, gentleman land-looker, as I call myself, till I put other

business in train. I arrived this afternoon—sooner by some days than I expected, having come not slow most of the way I assure you. The honest fact is, I bought a horse at the end of the first day's journey. 'Bought!' you will say. Yes of an old white cow I run afoul of in the stable. 'What a mad cap!' you will again exclaim 'thus to endanger the success of honest speculation.' But the fact was Col. I was getting on too slow for my disposition, and I could not help it.—But the animal fell down and died just as I was coming into the settlement; and I rolled him off a ledge into the brook, where he wont enjoy much more society, I am thinking, but the fishes and foxes till he is pretty well distributed. So no danger from that little frolic. Now for the girl—she is here, and no common affair neither I assure you! Well formed, handsome and knowing—Indeed I fear she knows rather too much—at least, that soul rending sort of look of hers I plainly see will require a pretty thick mask. Besides Martin tells me she is engaged to a young farmer, lately settled here, but who luckily started a journey for two months the day I arrived. So you see I have got to push matters rather briskly; and it will be a hard case if she don't find herself Mrs. Gow before the fellow returns. Lord! if she but knew her own secret, or mine, I might as well try to catch a lark in the sky by whistling.

'As to the other part of our projected scheme, I am sure it will work well. Martin, whom, in my rapid way of doing things, I have sounded in all shapes, informs me that it is generally believed here that precious metals lie hid in these mountains; and I have already hinted my natural faculties in seeing in the magic stone (the wonders of which I find are still believed in among them,) and in working the divining rods. Both of these marvelous implements I shall very naturally find in a day or two, probably; when I shall open the golden prospect to Martin's greedy eyes; and if it takes, as we may safely swear it will, I shall commence operations immediately.—So, old boy you may come on with your traps as soon as you receive this; for I shall want you at all events—I will look out the old cave you described in the mountains, and have all things in readiness by the time you arrive. Yours in rascality, truly,

Gow.'

[To be Continued.]

For the Rural Repository.

### The Young Barrister.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

It was a lovely evening in the month of June.—The moon in all her resplendent though borrowed glory was traversing a sky of the serenest purity, unspotted save where the countless stars, her bright atten-

dants, gleamed and twinkled, while below, her beams lit upon the pure, broad bosom of the silver Hudson. The noble river here wound in beauty between meads of the deepest green on one side and a handsome village on the other. Although not ancient, this village could boast of a fair proportion of elegant dwelling houses, having all the spaciousness of country seats, combined with the splendor and richness of houses of the first order in the town. There was one of these, not the least imposing in appearance, which indicated by the brilliancy of its illuminated windows and the frequent arrival of carriages, drawn by gaily ornamented and beautiful horses, loaded with the young and the gay of both sexes, that there was some more than usual attraction on this memorable evening. In this house dwelt the wealthy and accomplished widow B——, a lady known to all the country round for the splendor and brilliancy of her fetes. By this time there had assembled within a select party of the gayest, the wealthiest, and most fashionable in the village and vicinity, and already joyous feet began to 'trip the light fantastic toe,' for here as yet the good old custom of dancing retained much of its original reputation. But among all the lovely faces and delicate forms that assisted in that evening's mirth, there was one conspicuous far above the rest. I need not describe her beauty—indeed I cannot. Let the reader imagine a young lady just passing into womanhood, tall and agile as the fawn, with a face not only of surpassing beauty, but expressive of uncommon intelligence, and combine with these every thing that in his own mind is beautiful in woman, and still the picture can scarcely equal the lovely original. This was Caroline B——, the only daughter of the mistress of the mansion. Let me now introduce you to her partner in the dance. James Bellman was a young man about the same age as herself, a twelve-month older perhaps—dressed in the most fashionable, or rather the most foppish manner possible, with well curled hair, a most superfluous abundance of safety chain, and his whole equipment in the same style. But though his features were very regular, and taken singly, almost unexceptionable, yet no one could look upon his face without at once observing and being disgusted with the expression of contemptuous haughtiness so manifest in his countenance. It was not the look of conscious superiority, but the contemptuous expression of wealthy ignorance.

But now the opening door announces another guest. Two young men entered, one was a young lawyer of the village, the other a stranger whom he introduced by the name of Edwards. How different did this one appear from the haughty Bellman. He was neatly and tastily dressed, but without the

least foppishness. Moreover, we greatly fear that the aforesaid Bellman would suffer much in the comparison, both in form and feature. There was an evident confusion among the ladies of the party at the appearance of this elegant stranger, and sundry well-bred whisperers with glances, the direction of which plainly showed the subject of them. The young barrister gave them as much information as this, that he had just taken his degree in—College, and was entering upon the study of his own honorable profession, being at the same time eloquent in praise of his high attainments and accomplished mind. As soon as the present dance was over, our hero was introduced in due form to the young mistress of the festival, and in turn to all the principal personages in the assembly, not forgetting the consequential Mr. Bellman, who very coldly nodded upon the brilliant stranger, perhaps already foreseeing the probable consequences to himself of his introduction to Caroline. But we need not dwell more particularly on the events of this evening, suffice it to say, that there was a mutual interest created between our hero and heroine at their first introduction, and that, what with dancing once with her and improving the acquaintance by conversation on every opportunity, our hero parted from her that night with a regard towards the young Miss B—, that he had never before experienced in an equal degree towards any of her sex. And on the other hand, could the feelings and thoughts of Miss Caroline have been anylized, it would have been discovered that this sudden attachment was fully repaid. Lest the reader should be surprised that our heroine should have any communication whatever with a man evidently so odious to her as Mr. Bellman, it may be proper here to observe, that it was solely by the wish of her mother, that she was induced to treat him at least with the appearance of respect. Mr. Bellman was the son of a merchant of unbounded wealth, and wealth to him was the only desirable object of pursuit. Consequently his son having had these principles inculcated upon him from his youth, and having been always indulged in every want and wish by his worldly father, found himself when arrived at the age and stature of manhood almost entirely ignorant of every necessary accomplishment both of body and mind. And, always accustomed to be obeyed and looked up to with deference by the fawning sycophants, whom his father's wealth drew around him, his disposition was as ungainly as his mind. The widow B— was a worldly woman and it had for many years been her sole aim to contract an alliance between her daughter and one so rich, and therefore in her opinion of so much consequence, as Bellman.

Having now made the necessary explana-

tions we proceed with our tale. The acquaintance formed between our hero and Caroline was improved on every convenient opportunity by the former, so that in a short time there was a strong mutual attachment between them. And can it be wondered at that Caroline, who had so long been persecuted by the unwelcome attentions of Bellman, should now suffer herself to be influenced by the extreme contrast between his character and that of the handsome young stranger.

Things were in this condition, when our hero was suddenly summoned to a distant part of the state, to witness the expected death of a near relation. It is not to be supposed that he started without some thoughts of *her* whom he left behind. Indeed he debated some time with himself the propriety of leaving a note for her, but was induced to defer it till he should find leisure on the road.

Leave we here then Miss Caroline, while we follow our hero in his pergrinations.—He traveled in great haste, but took the first opportunity to despatch a letter to Caroline, filled with the most solemn asseverations of regret at the cruel necessity which compelled him to leave the mistress of his soul, and that perhaps for a considerable season; and after promising by all that is sacred, that as soon as circumstances would permit he would fly to her arms, he concluded with the most ardent protestations of his love and esteem. Sooner, said he, shall the sun and the moon again stand still in the firmament, sooner shall the planets cease their annual rounds and all the operations of Nature be diverted from their order than my sentiments towards her whom my soul loveth be changed.

He also named the place for the direction of such letters as she might honor him with, and where he fully expected to find many delightful effusions.

In the prosecution of his journey he met with no adventures but such as are common in traveling by stage.

After addressing several letters to his absent loved one on the way, our hero at last reached the place of destination. We need not portray to you, reader, the silent greetings that passed between him and his friends, who were gathered round the bed of his dying relative; for dying he was supposed to be, but still he lingered for days and weeks before he took his final departure to the 'spirit land.' In the mean time our hero daily applied at the office for the sweet testimonies of her affection, which he so fondly hoped to receive from his Caroline but day after day witnessed his disappointment.

Thinking it possible that there was some mistake as to the direction, he sent another letter, in which he again states all that was necessary in such a manner as to admit of no misconstruction, and awaited the result for

many long, long days with the utmost impatience. Can I believe *thee* false? said he, then is woman fickle indeed. But it must be so. A few weeks of absence have eradicated from her heart all thoughts of her former lover, and those bright eyes from whose fountains I have so often drawn transporting bliss are now beaming fondly upon a present and more favored rival. Under the influence of such feelings as these he immediately sat down and commenced a letter, full of reproaches for her unfaithfulness—but before he had finished it concluded to destroy it and brood over the destruction of his hopes in silence. At last after many weeks his relation died and left him sole heir to an immense estate. How happy thought he should I now be were I possessed of *her* to share it with me, but without her property is nothing, life is nothing!

After settling his affairs, he resolved upon a short tour which he soon commenced. It was now that beautiful season peculiar to the climate of the United States, called the Indian Summer. After traveling a few days he arrived in the vicinity of Lake George and resolved to visit it. As he sat one day on a high point of land that ran into the lake, surveying with delight its numberless verdant islands and its clear transparent waters, he observed a small pleasure boat shoot suddenly round a point of land on the other shore, which was in this place about half a mile distant. The weather in the morning had been calm and pleasant, and till now the surface of the lake remained unruffled by a breeze. But he was suddenly awakened from his musings by a loud burst of thunder, and looking up he beheld the sky overcast with clouds, portending a tempest soon to burst in all its fury. He was preparing to retire, when his eye again caught the little vessel that he had before observed.

She was aiming towards a little harbor just below the spot on which he stood, and had now approached near enough to enable him to see that it contained several young people of both sexes, and that there began to be an evident confusion on board, as the little vessel struggled with the waves that already arose high and threatening.

It was enough for him to see that there were ladies in peril, and he no longer thought of himself, but remained to watch the progress of the vessel. As it drew nearer he saw there were two gentleman and two ladies, and as the tempest was every moment growing more and more violent, and the young men seemed to be entirely unpracticed in guiding and managing the boat, he already began to fear for the result. As he gazed upon them, the form of one of the young men seemed to be familiar to him, and in an instant he recognized both Bellman and Caroline. The two others seemed to be strangers.



He had hardly made these observations, when a sudden squall struck the sail, and the tiny boat and all that were in her were instantly buried in the waters. In a moment all remembrance of Caroline's unfaithfulness vanished from his mind, he only thought of saving her, and immediately plunged in and swam with all his speed to the fatal place. He thought of no one but her, and as her body rose insensible, he grasped the precious burden and hastened to the shore. When he had reached it, and was making every possible effort to resuscitate the still lifeless body, he observed one of the young men bearing the body of the other lady. In a short time they were both sufficiently restored to be removed to the nearest house, and just now our hero recollected that Mr. Bellman was in the boat at the time it upset and was now nowhere to be seen.

As soon as Caroline beheld her deliverer she again swooned, and when our hero beheld the stranger bending over her with the most anxious solicitude, the thought that this was the favored rival of his affections harrowed up his soul and he was departing with precipitation from the house, when he heard the well remembered voice of Caroline pronounce in a scarcely audible voice his own name; and when he turned and beheld her arms opened to receive him and a look that quickly dispelled his doubts and fears, he flew to embrace her.

His fears concerning his rival were quickly put to flight, as she introduced him as her cousin and the young lady as his sister. One only thing now remained to be explained—her neglecting to answer his letters, and what was his astonishment to hear that she had never received a letter from him since his departure. It instantly occurred to him that this deceit had been practised by Bellman. Again his heart bounded with joy that she should yet be his own. The body of Bellman was found a few days after and conveyed to his native place. On the night three weeks after the accident, Caroline was united to her lover and they immediately retired to his newly acquired estate to spend the honeymoon, long may they live in the enjoyment of the happiness they both so well merited. D. W.

## MISCELLANY.

### A Prudent Precaution.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN, in his travels through New England, observing that when he went into an inn, every individual of the family had a question or two to propose to him relative to his history, and until each was satisfied and had conferred and compared their information, there was no possibility of procuring any refreshment. Therefore, the moment he entered any of these places, he inquired

for the master, the mistress, the sons, the daughters, the men-servants, and the maid-servants, and having assembled them altogether, he began in this manner: 'Worthy people, I am Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia; I am a bachelor, and by trade a printer; I have some relations in Boston, to whom I am going to make a visit; my stay will be short, and I shall then return and follow my business, as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of; I beg therefore, you will have pity on me and my horse, and give us some refreshment.'

### Standing on our Reserved Rights.

'JOHN,' said a gentleman to his coachman, 'go to the well and get a pitcher of water.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said John, 'it is not my business.'

'True! true! I had forgotten. Harness the horses, and put to, John, and bring the coach to the front door.'

'Yes, sir.'

The coach is brought.

'Thomas—take the pitcher, get into the coach, and John will drive you to the gate. Get a pitcher of water, and let John drive you back again to the door, and he may then put up.'

Query. How much trouble did John save himself by not going after the water.—*Sat. News.*

### The Rev. Rowland Hill.

THE following anecdote respecting this eminent divine was related to us the other day by a gentleman from London, who was present at the time.

Observing that cobblers were notoriously backward in attending church, Mr. Hill on one occasion gave a notice to his congregation that he would next Sabbath show them the quickest way to make a shoe. As was expected when Sunday came, all the pews and aisles of the church were crowded with shoemakers; from every part of London, who had come—many for the first time in their lives—to learn a thing of so much importance to the craft. Having attained his end by addressing a most heart-stirring sermon, Mr. Hill, taking a boot by the top and leaning over the pulpit, cut the leg from the foot, and holding the shoe up to the congregation, pronounced the benediction.

A FRENCH writer says that 'the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which while the ear is empty holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.'

**A MERCIFUL JURYMAN.**—A juryman in Ireland having acquitted a murderer in the face of positive evidence of his crime, the counsel for the prosecution, curious to know the reason addressed himself to one of the twelve, who, he was informed, that stood out for 'not guilty.' 'Arrah, Mr. Lawyer,' was the reply, 'do ye think I'd be after hanging the last life in my lease?'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837.

**A NEW VOLUME.**—We this day lay before our Patrons and the public generally, the first number of the Fourteenth Volume of the Repository, hoping, and indeed confidently trusting, that, as in years past, we shall find a goodly number in almost every section of our country, who, though strangers to us, will be willing to act as friends, by using their endeavors to promote its circulation. Postmasters and others who receive this number accompanied by a Prospectus, for the purpose of obtaining subscribers, are requested to bear in mind that the stoppage of notes under Five Dollars, in our own State, exerts a peculiar and deleterious influence upon the publishers of small periodicals; though we are willing to take those of other States, on good banks, when they can be had. It will therefore be the more necessary for those, who are friendly to our cause and unwilling that we should bear more of the 'burden and heat of the day' than our neighbors, to use a little extra exertion in order to be able to forward Fives or Tens to make up the deficiency we shall otherwise experience; for which they will be entitled to our warmest thanks.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. B. H. Wellington, O. \$2.75; J. B. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; J. J. K. Erie, Pa. \$0.75; L. H. Cleveland, O. \$1.00; J. R. S. Highgate, Vt. \$0.81; L. D. H. Jackson Corner, N. Y. \$0.80; D. C. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; N. D. Jr. New-York, \$1.00; P. M. Salina, N. Y. \$5.00; S. S. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; C. M. Egremont, Ma. \$2.00; E. S. Greenfield, Ma. \$1.00; P. M. Sullivan, N. Y. \$5.00.

### MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 1st inst. at Troy, at the residence of the Hon. Judge Huntington, by the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, George Crawford, Esq. of this city, to Miss Maria Van Ness, of Troy, daughter of the late Gen. David Van Ness, of Dutchess County.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. M. Field, Mr. Samuel H. Clark, Editor of the Pennsylvania Intelligencer and State Democrat, Harrisburg, Penn. to Miss Jane C. daughter of J. A. Van Valkenburg, Esq. of Claverack.

At Oswego, on the 24th ult. John M. Pruyn, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of the late Peter Van Schaack, Esq. both of Kinderhook.

At Schodack Landing, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Gray, Mr. Aaron Van Dyck Witbeck, to Miss Deborah, daughter of Mr. John I. Kittle.

At Washington, on Monday evening, the 5th inst. at the residence of General Towson, by the Rev. Wm. Ryland, Col. Elisha Jenkins of this city, to Mrs. Hannah Caldwell, formerly of Boston, widow of Lieut. William Caldwell, of the United States Navy.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Schuyler Van Loon, aged 32 years.

On Friday Evening, the 2d inst. Sarah Maria, daughter of Isaac B. and Anna Maria Gage, and grand-daughter of Richard Carrique, aged 6 years.

On the 31st ult. Paul G. Bunker, drowned, in his 37th year.

On the 1st inst. Dr. John Hunt, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Catharine, daughter of Isaac and Catharine Miller, aged 9 weeks.

On the 5th inst. Caroline E. daughter of Wm. Luck, in her 11th year.

On the 9th inst. John C. son of Adam and Mary Collins, in his 2d year.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Saturday Courier.

**The Beauteous Rose Tree.**

BY THE REV. MR. PIERCE.

IN a sweet spot, where wisdom chose,  
Grew an unique and lovely rose;  
A flower so fair was seldom borne,  
A rose almost without a thorn.

As months rolled on, the spring appeared  
In genial rays the rose matured;  
Forth from its root a shoot extends,  
The parent rose tree downward bends.

'Offspring most dear,' (she fondly said,)  
'Part of myself! beneath my shade;  
Safe shalt thou rise, whilst happy I,  
Transported with maternal joy,  
Shall see thy little buds appear,  
Unfold and bloom in beauty here.'

Thus had the Rose tree scarcely spoken,  
E'er the sweet cup of bliss was broken.  
The gard'ner came, and with one stroke,  
He from the root the offspring took.  
Deep was the wound, nor slight the pain  
Which made the Rose tree thus complain,

'Dear little darling, art thou gone—  
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known,  
Removed so soon, so suddenly,  
Snatched from my fond, maternal eye!  
What hast thou done, dear offspring, say,  
So early to be snatched away?  
What! gone for ever!—seen no more!  
Forever I thy loss deplore.'

As thus the anguished Rose tree cried,  
Her owner near her she espied,  
Who in these gentle terms reproved,  
A plant, though murmuring, still beloved:—

'Cease, beauteous flower, those useless cries,  
And let my lessons make thee wise.  
Art thou not mine? did not my hand  
Transplant thee from this barren sand,  
Where once a mean unsightly plant,  
Exposed to injury and want?  
Unknown and unadmired I found,  
And brought thee to this fertile ground:  
With studious art improved thy form,  
Secured thee from inclement storm,  
Made thee my unabating care?  
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,  
Thy best of friends must be forsaken;  
Think not that hidden from thine eyes,  
The infant plant neglected lies;  
No—I've another garden, where,  
In richer soil and purer air,  
It's now transplanted there to shine  
In beauties fairer far than thine.

'Nor shalt thou always be apart  
From the fond darling of thy heart;  
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear,  
In future time, and plant thee there,  
Where thy now absent offset grows,  
And blossoms a celestial Rose.'

These words to silence hushed the plaintive rose,  
With deeper blushes reddening, now she glows,  
Submissive bows her unrepining head,  
Again her wonted fragrance shed,  
Cried, 'Thou hast taken only what's thine own  
Therefore, thy will, my Lord, not mine, be done.'

**The Spirit of a Child to its Mother.**

MOTHER, dear mother, do not stay  
Lamenting by my senseless clay,  
Ah! rather upwards turn thine eye  
Upon the far off glorious sky,  
When, studded with its starry gems,  
It mocks at earthly diadems,  
And think my happy spirit there  
Is wandering free from every care.  
It might have been temptation strong  
Had led me in the path of wrong,  
Or want, or weariness, or strife,  
Had made me out of love with life,  
For every human heart and brain,  
Hath its capacity for pain;  
While Sorrow's shafts are never spent;  
Unceasingly its bow is bent;  
Countless the Proteus forms it takes  
As are the unseen wounds it makes,  
And were all human hearts laid bare,  
Might mortal eye to view them dare?  
The wretch that now pollutes the earth—  
A mother's love once blest his birth—  
Though abject, wretched and reviled,  
He once—perhaps a darling child—  
Was guarded with a mother's care,  
Was prayed for with a mother's prayer;  
But could she with submission bow,  
Were she alive to see him now?  
Of sinful heart, and wo-worn mein—  
Such—even such—I might have been.  
Then weep not that my soul is blest;  
Enjoying an eternal rest;  
That I have only borne above  
Remembrance of a mother's love.

M. E. K.

**Farewell.**

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

FAREWELL! it hath a somber tone,  
The lip is slow to take it,  
It seemeth like the willow's moan  
When autumn winds awake it;  
It seemeth like the distant sea  
On some lone islet sighing,  
And yet thou sayest it unto me,  
And wait'st for my replying.

Farewell! thou fly'st from Winter's wrath  
'Mid Southern bowers to hide thee,  
May freshest roses deck thy path,  
Yet bring no thorns to chide thee;  
And may'st thou find that better land  
Where no bright dream is broken,  
No flower shall fade in beauty's hand,  
And no farewell be spoken.

**The Dead Infant.**

SWEET bud of being for a moment given,  
To show how pure young spirits are in heaven,  
Thou' snatched in love from all the woes of earth,  
Not dead, but wakened to a nobler birth—  
Called from the thorny maze by others trod,  
Come to the bosom of the infant's God!  
Called early ere the ruthless hand of Time  
Had dimmed thy spirit with a shade of crime—  
Cannot thy memory even now impart  
Sweet consolation to the bleeding heart?  
Cannot thy infant spirit from above  
Say to the mourner, 'God afflicts in love?'  
Oh, thou art happy now, escaped from all  
That shrouds the spirit with a gloomy pall;  
Thy pangs are over—rest thee, pure one rest—  
We would not call thee back, for thou art blest!

**Gem of Poesy.**

HER closed lips  
Were delicate as the tinted pencilling  
Of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek  
The timid blood had faintly melted through,  
Like something that was half afraid of light.  
There was no slighter print upon the grass  
Than her elastic step; and in her frame  
There was a perfect symmetry, that seemed  
Ærial as a bird's.—PINKNEY.

From the Italian.

**Life.**

THE past! what is it but a gleam  
Which Memory faintly throws?  
The future! 'tis the fairy dream  
That Hope and Fear compose.  
The present is the lightning glance  
That comes and disappears—  
Thus life is but a moment's trance  
Of memories, hopes, and fears.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

**RURAL REPOSITORY,**

*Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.*

On Saturday, the 24th of June, 1837, will be issued the first number of the *Fourteenth Volume (Fifth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

**CONDITIONS.**

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 268 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Fourteenth volume, (Fifth New Series)* will commence on the 24th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 24th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, **WILLIAM B. STODDARD.**  
*Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1837.*

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

**THE RURAL REPOSITORY,**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY  
**Wm. B. Stoddard.**

It is printed in the Quarto form and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars* free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be *post paid*, to receive attention.